

Fleet Master 'Herosee and Mr Hyde

by CII

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Summary: A sleepdeprived Covenant Zealot has ideas on stopping the war and his cheif medical officer has to stop him. Sorta based off of MASH.

1. Forward

****Notes on this alternate universeâ€|****

This is an alternate universe that involves Halo. The characters are differentâ€"some of them even have different names. Others follow the same names as the cannon Halo-verse. But this however is not cannon. Most of it is built on speculation, and that is all it is.

I don't own Halo, just my own speculations about it.

A little back-story for those reading. In the mid 2520s, Earth had colonized a few planets in the Orion Arm. This apparently put them at odds with a technologically superior, yet highly religious conglomeration known as the Covenant. Though, prior to this happening, Earth had seen many warsâ€"including one involving the first wave of the Horrors. Like I said, this is an alternate universe. Earth managed to drive back the Horrors to their home plane with Technomancy. Unfortunately, human arrogance stepped in and horrible wars with the usage of Technomancy happened and the vast technology that was seen in the late 23rd and early 24th century was banned. Humanity took a step back technologically and created space-faring vessels without the aid of the Technomantic crystals that provided the FTL propulsion. Magic is still on Earth, though it too had been banned and only limited to the dragons that still are awake. And even that is limited. Dragons are only to use magic to shape shift into human form. Technomancy managed to get rid of the problems left by Goblinization, which is why people look very human in the 2500s. The time of Earth now is in the middle of the Sixth World. Many found that as they left Earth, the affects of Mana lessened. Bio-technology developed by the Utah Foundation was also bannedâ€"since it too had connections with Technomancy, but that did

not stop the company from producing prosthetics. The Utah Foundation secretly still builds biosynotech and maintains biosynotech, though now the company's main product is chemical drug enhancements. There have been rumors though that state syntech is being sold and augmented on the black market in rather well funded underground facilities, but it can no longer do the things it was able to do in its prime years. One famous rumor on the Trans-planetary Matrix circling about in the Shadow-Nexus is that the SPARTAN program was fully funded by the Utah Foundation of Bio-Organic Research and that every SPARTAN created was augmented in some way with the syntech. John-117 can thank Kiryuu Knight for the upgrades, if you catch my drift. Still things did not change much and megacorps ran not only companies, but planets as wellâ€"that is until the United Nations stepped in. All the countries of Earth compiled togetherâ€"alliances after alliances and are now being regulated and dictated by the United Nations council and its President Commander and Chief.

Though each planet of the UN has its own armies, the UN started placing regulations on what those armies could do and what they could not do. Government regulators finally stepped in on the megacorps and came down on companies like Saeder-Krupp, with no fear on whether or not Lofwyr likes it. Yes, in the 26th Century, the Wyrms still runs Saeder-Krupp, who is a huge help in building space ships on Reach. Though, thank God that because of Mana Lofwyr is Earthly bound. The Great Feathered Serpent Malcho, though has not given up on the practice of Technomancy, has focused his company Omak Technologies on non-Technomantic weapon manufactureâ€"like the MAC-Gunâ€"in order to keep it in business. But the UN regulations on the megacorps forced companies like Omak and Saeder-Krupp to pay enormous amounts of taxes on their goodsâ€"or build products for the United Nations Space Command. Malcho and Lofwyr had no choice but to agree to the terms. With companies like Saeder-Krupp building ships and companies like Omak building weapons, the UN could finally take hold of the chaos of its colonized planets. (As I have stated this is an alternate universe and much of the history is different than what is Halo cannon.)

That is until October 7, 2525, a 'day that will live in infamy.' When contact from the Earth colonized planet known as Harvest ceased, a UNSC battle group was sent out to investigate it. What they found was too horrible than they could imagine. They reported back to High Command that the entire population of Harvest was utterly destroyed and the planet's surface turned to black, molten glass. Nothing was left, not even microbes. There was one ship leftâ€"an alien ship that destroyed every ship in the battle group save oneâ€"the Hercules. The alien ship that was leftâ€"gave the UNSC a message, "Your deaths are the will of the godsâ€"and we are their instruments." Thus started the war against the Covenant. The ship that sent the message was a medium-sized cruiser called Sacred Intervention commanded by the recently promoted Sangheili known as Telek 'Herosee. This knowledge only comes later.

Vice Admiral Cole was sent to take back Harvest and to punish the alien fleet that was responsible. He brought with him the largest fleet of UNSC ships in human history and managed to win the battleâ€"at a costly price of most of his ships. It was only when he returned to Earth that he found out the battle he had won was merely a diversion set by the aliens who called themselves the Covenant. Returning, he discovered that one by one, the Outer Colonies fell to the might of the Covenant. They left a trail of glassed planets in

their wake. Their goalâ€”the total annihilation of the human species. Why, the UNSC could not tell. They never even knew that the Covenant existed until Harvest was destroyed.

By the time it was the mid 2530s, all of the Outer Planets were completely destroyed. Cole then appoints the Cole Protocol, that no human ship should ever lead the Covenant to Earth or its Inner Planetary Colonies. Many ships are destroyed, either by the Covenant, or destroyed to keep the Covenant from obtaining the coordinates to Earth. With this war, came humanity's union. Various human factions set aside their differences to focus on defending what planets and ships they had left. Many times the council of the UN brought forth thoughts of bringing back Technomancy to help in this war, but informants from Malcho had stated that it would take several decades to once more regain everything that was lost when the technology was banned. The UN established the Orbital Defense, just in case something went wrong and the Covenant found Earth. So far, so good, the battles that were fought were waged still in around the Outer Colonies. Most of the Inner Colonies did not believe that the Covenant existedâ€”many believed it was some sort of conspiracy scare by the government. And a lot of these ruses were caused by the Office of Naval Intelligence to keep up planetary moral. Still, there were Shadowrunners willing to infiltrate ONI and find out for themselves whether or not the stories of this alien force were true. But even then, ONI still held fast to its fairy tales that everything was alrightâ€”when it really wasn't. The humans were losing the war. Mostly it was because the Covenant had superior technology. But that was about to changeâ€”|

On the Covenant side, in Terran year 2537, Ship Master Telek 'Herosee was promoted to Fleet Master and became Supreme Commander Otto 'Gamamee's second in command. It was then on the battle for the Inner Colony known as Atkins that the Covenant revealed its latest secret weaponâ€”cloak-enabled ships. Fleet Master 'Herosee commanded the first cloak-enabled assault carrier named the Shade of Darkness, and swiftly brought victory for the fleet Particular Justiceâ€”and the destruction of Atkins and the fleet that attempted to save it. 10 cloaked ships were able to wipe out the larger ships of the fleet within a few hours, leaving the rest of Particular Justice the 'easy pickings' of the smaller ships. The Covenant decided that Special Operations Commanders were the perfect leaders to navigate cloak-enabled ships. Telek was once a Spec Ops Commander himself. All Zealot Ship Masters of cloaked ships had installed in their gold armor the cloaking active camouflage device that allowed them to go invisible on the ground. Most of the crew deployed from these ships were either Stealth or Spec Ops warriors. It was then that the Prophet of Truth ordered Otto to send Telek out on a single mission that could hope end the war and bring humanity's existence to a swift and painful close. On November 11, 2539, Telek was sent out with a small battle group of four other cloaking ships to a small planet inhabited by humans. The planet itself was underdeveloped and not many humans lived there. Telek's orders were not to engage them or destroy the planet, only to bring back artifacts of the Covenant's Lordsâ€”the Forerunners. These artifacts would lead the Covenant closer into obtaining their objectiveâ€”supremacy and immortalityâ€”the Great Journey.

As Telek went on his mission the Covenant encountered a new species known as the Jiralhanae and brought them in. The Prophets saw potential in these huge, brutish, hairy monsters and began to favor

them over the founding speciesâ€”the Sangheiliâ€”much to the Sangheili High Council's displeasure. The Jiralhanae also began to harbor resentment towards the Sangheiliâ€”believing them to be arrogant and 'stuck-up'â€”also weak in comparison to themselves. This began to stir up heat between the two species.

Telek returned to the Covenant, after his mission, a changed being. The artifacts he found told him the truth and showed him that the religion that the Covenant followed was false. Not only was it false, but it would spell out doom for everyone. This knowledge began to break down his mental pillars and caused him to drink heavily and do irrational thingsâ€”like sing old human war songs from the 1940s in front of the troops. The arrival of the Jiralhanae did not help in the situation and Telek and his supporters began to see potential undermining in the Council Hierarchs. Telek, himself, began to see the war against the humans as some sort of diversion to draw attention away from the plots of subjugation of his own Sangheili people by the Prophets themselves. And for this, Telek began to slowly hate the Prophets. And he and four other Ship Masters of his small battle group wanted out of the Covenant.

This story here is an example of the irrational stunts that Fleet Master Telek 'Herosee began to do following the discovery of the truth. What translated Forerunner text that 'Herosee had found that told him everything about the Forerunner is locked away safely on his shipâ€”even hidden from his C.O. the Supreme Commander of _Particular Justice._ Telek tries to find a reason why this war was started and in his dim stupor, tries to stop it. How he tries to stop it is rather comical.

It is to be noted that during the war against the Covenantâ€”Covenant ships were receiving transmissions from Earth from the late 20th Century to the early 21st Century. These are radio signals that Earth had transmitted at that time and are now just reaching the Orion Arm. This explains why the Covenant was able to transmit their message in English to the _Hercules_ and how Telek knew old war songs from the 1940s, and explains how Telek knows German. It should also be noted that these transmissions could very well lead the Covenant to Earth without the aid of UNSC ship coordinates.

2. Happy Days are Here Again

****Fleet Master 'Herosee and Mr. Hyde****

1234 Hours, December 12, 2539 (Military Calendar)\PX-123****

Ninth Age of Reclamation****

"_Here's my moral, plain as day,_

Old Man Atom is here to stay.

He's gonna hang around, it's plain to see,

But, ah, my dearly beloved, are we?

We hold these truths to be self-evident

All men may be cremated equal."

Telek paused for a moment in his canto, glancing down at two Unggoy looking up at him with curious eyes as he sang. They were carrying in their fat, blue claws beams to set up the camp with. The golden armored Zealot softly tip-toed around them, cross-stepping as he went in a flighty dance that appeared to amuse his short audience into smiles. Telek swung around and took his mandible armor off and continued his song in a softer voice.

"_Hiroshima, Nagasakiâ€"here's my text_

Hiroshima, Nagasakiâ€"Lordy, who'll be next?"

The _Shade of Darkness, _an experimental capital ship with the ability to cloak, was anchored alongside the _Seeker of Truth _as supplies were being lowered down her gravity lift. She had just come in from reconnaissance and docked to assist in giving medical aid to the ground troops. The _Shade of Darkness _was built like an assault carrier and certainly as big as one, though she was commanded by only a Fleet Master. Normally a Supreme Commander or an Imperial Admiral would command such a grand ship, but Telek was chosen because of his skills. Those skills were special operations. And such was the _Shade of Darkness_â€"a special operations ship. She was Telek's first and only ship he had ever commanded and he did it wellâ€"when he was sober of course. Telek had recently become friends with alcohol and had been loosing his creditability within the Covenant. No one knew exactly why this great leader of leaders had suddenly fallen into a whimsical, but maddened stupor, no one except the crew of the _Shade_ of course. And it was one of these days that showed just how ridiculous Telek's drunken behavior sounded. He came off his ship singing and garnering chuckles from the 'lesser' species of the Covenant, while Sangheili shook their heads in shameful dismay to even call this inebriated fool a brother.

"_The science guys, from every clime,_

They all pitched in with overtime.

Before they knew it, the job was done;

They'd hitched up the power of the gosh-darn sun,

They put a harness on Old Sol,

Splittin' atoms, while the diplomats were splittin' hairsâ€"|"

Supreme Commander Otto 'Gamamee came outside of his command post and just stared, completely dumbfounded by what he saw. His student, his prodigal apprentice, dancing around and singing some sort of unfamiliar tune to an audience of glazed eyes and slacked mandible warriors.

"Good Lords, what is he up to now?" Otto huffed, shaking his head. He adjusted his gold helm and snorted, planting a booted hoof down on the muddy ground and marched towards 'twinkle-toes' Fleet Master Telek 'Herosee. "Telek! Telek!"

Telek turned towards him with a sluggish smile spreading across his

face. He spread his arms wide and called out.

"_Then the cartel crowd put on a show_

To turn back the clock on the UNO,

To get a corner on atoms and maybe extinguish

Every damned atom that can't speak English.

Down with foreign-born atoms!

Yes, Sir!"

"Telek," Otto grunted, crossing his arms and looking up at the taller Sangheili Zealot. "Stop this, now!"

"I can't stop, I've got quite an audience here," the Fleet Master grinned back with sarcasm. Then, he continued his canto, swinging back around to those who heard him.

"_But the atom's international, in spite of hysteria,_

Flourishes in Utah, also Siberia.

And whether you're white, black, red or brown,

The question is this, when you boil it down:

To be or not to be!

That is the questionâ€|

Atoms to atoms, and dust to dust,

If the world makes A-bombs, something's bound to bust."

"Telek, you're drunk," Otto said. "You should sleep it off."

"Sleep what off?" he asked with an innocent tone. "I'm not drunkâ€|

No, the answer to it all isn't military datum,

Like 'Who gets there fustest with the mostest atoms,'

But the people of the world must decide their fate,

We got to stick together or disintegrate.

World peace and the atomic golden age or a push-button war,

Mass cooperation or mass annihilation,

Civilian international control of the atomâ€"one world or none.

If you're gonna split atoms, well, you can't split ranks."

"Telek, you're making a scene," Otto hissed through his sharp

teeth.

Telek jumped up on an oily, metallic, violet table and those in the camp followed his movements, their many eyes never leaving his form.

"_It's up to the people, cause the atom don't care,_"

You can't fence him in, he's just like air.

He doesn't give a darn about politics

Or who got who into whatever fixâ€|

All he wants to do is sit around and have his nucleus bombarded by neutrons.

So if you're scared of the A-bomb, I'll tell you what to do:

You got to get with all the people in the world with you.

You got to get together and let out a yell,"

Or the first thing you know we'll blow this world toâ€|

Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Moscow, too,"

New York, London, Timbuktu,"

Shanghai, Paris, up the flue,"

Hiroshima, Nagasakiâ€|

We must choose between"

The brotherhood of man or smithereens.

The people of the world must pick out a thesis:

'_Peace in the world, or the world in pieces!'"_

At the end of his canto, Kig-Yar and Unggoy clapped their hands and cheered. They had been fully entertained. Though the Sangheili just shook their heads again, a few of them averting their eyes from the outlandish scene.

"Thank you, thank you," Telek bowed. "I'll be here all week. Try the food nipple, it's wonderful."

"Telek!" Otto bellowed, startling the Zealot into soberness.

"I think I hear my nanny calling me," Telek smirked as he hopped down. "Yes, Your Crankiness, you barked?"

"You're intoxicated," he said. "Again. I'm surprised you came out of slip-space forwards."

"Well, you know, I follow my nose every time," Telek shrugged. "The nose of the ship, that is."

"Sleep it off before you do something that could have you Court Marshaled," Otto growled at him.

"I'm not drunk," Telek protested. "I've just been on a 36-hour shift."

"36 hours?" Otto asked. "I'm putting you to bed."

He started to lead Telek down to one of the tents set up for the temporary camp.

"Do I get a story, Mommy?" Telek asked as Otto pushed him into the tent.

"Inside," the Supreme Commander growled. "A sleep-deprived warrior is a dead one. Remember what I taught you?"

"Why?" Telek asked. "Is there an exam? Do I have to write an essay?"

"Go to sleep, Telek," Otto ordered. "I'll have Erin examine you to make sure you're not intoxicated. I know that was a human song you were singing. Don't sing another one."

"_Vhen der Prophet says ve iz zer master race,_"

Ve heil! pfthlltt!, heil! pfthlltt!, right in der Prophet's face!"

Not to love der Prophet is a great disgrace"

So ve heil! pfthlltt!, heil! pfthlltt!, right in der Prophet's face!"

"Telek!" Otto gasped.

"What?" Telek asked. "You said not to sing another human song."

"You are not to even go near your ship until you've had a good long sleep," Otto said. "Your ship has been docked for the time being. I see you even stepping near that grav lift; I'll throw you in solitary. Understand?"

"_Ja volt, mien FÃ¼hrer,_" Telek gave a human salute.

"Can it," the Supreme Commander growled. "And stay put."

Otto sighed as he closed the door and glanced back at the _Shade of Darkness._ It was certainly bigger than his own ship though it was a part of the fleet _Particular Justice, _and also not the flag ship. No, that ship was the _Seeker of Truth._ Otto had sent his best subordinate on a trip to not only test the experimental cloaking device a few more times. Otto wanted to make sure not to put the _Shade _into battle much because she was only one of 10 ships with the cloak. He did order Telek to that world called Harvest for the first glassing among many that would follow each time they found a world humans colonized. Though, it was strange that after the recent mission—only a few weeks afterwards, that Telek had begun to act peculiar. And Otto wanted to know what changed him.

He glanced up momentarily to find Erin 'Venamee, chief medical officer of the _Shade of Darkness_, an Ultra with muted gray-white and subtle olive armor, descend down along with others of his team from the belly of the ship. Erin was up for a promotion, Otto heard, and Telek was going to give him the rank of Zealot soon. Of course, as with all medical Sangheili, Erin's armor color would be muted to more of an olive with a hint of gold instead of the full brilliant gold that most Zealot warriors wore.

"Someone called for a doctor?" he asked, reporting to Otto 'Gamamee.

"I need you to check Telek's condition," said Otto. "I want to make sure he's not drunk."

"I did check him earlier," Erin began. "Telek's just sleep-deprived."

"I want to make sure," grunted Otto. "That's an order."

"Yes, Excellency," Erin nodded. He picked up his medical supplies and dismissed his assistants to help others. Erin approached the tent and knocked on the door.

"Who is it?" sang a capricious voice from inside. "Is it my masseuse? I thought you were supposed to come here at 1600."

"No, it's your neighborhood doctor," said Erin. "Come to give you an _appendectomy_."

"I already had my appendix removed," Telek protested.

"I mean your other appendix," Erin opened the door and sat down on the other cot.

"Is that covered by my health plan?" Telek asked.

"Telek," Erin sighed. "You need sleep. And I'm here to make sure you get it."

The Fleet Master sighed and took off his helmet. He unzipped the top part of his green body suit all the way down to his muscular chest and took off his upper arm armor. Telek glanced out the screen window and saw two Lekgolo move several boxes around while several Yamane'e moved around weapons. His eyebrow rose slightly to the commotion and got up off the cot.

"You know, there's a war going on," Telek said with some interest to the movement.

"How can you tell?" Erin asked with some cynicism.

Telek got up and sluggishly walked outside, dragging his boots as he went. He put his golden helmet back on, glancing around. Erin shook his head and went with him, following him around. He brought out a red terry cloth bathrobe and threw it around Telek's shoulders.

"Look around you," said Telek, pointing to a red armored Sangheili

Major Domo with a Carbine rifle in his gloved hands. "That guy's got a gun. And those guys are in uniform."

He pointed to a group of Unggoy sleeping in a circle.

"I see that," Erin said. "Look, why don't you go back into that tent over there and shut your eyes? You can get a nice rest and be away from all of it for a few hours."

"All these guys dressed in uniforms with guns," Telek spun around, walking backwards. "And that guy in that hover stretcher, all blooded and bits of him missing. You know, if I'm not mistaken, we're in some sort of war."

"Telek," said Erin. "I need to put you to bed."

"You're the second person who told me that," Telek said. "Must be my magnetic personality. Do you know who started it?"

"Who started what?" Erin asked.

"The war," said Telek. "Whyâ€"why are we fighting?"

"What purpose could that be to you?"

"If I find the guy who started it, maybe I can ask him to stop," Telek shrugged, putting his arms through the sleeves of the bathrobe. He glanced up for a moment and saw the black-armored Tekn 'Morudee descend down from the _Shade of Darkness._

"Tekn!" Telek called. "Tekn, do you know who started it?"

"Who started what, Excellency?" Tekn asked. "Nice bathrobe."

"I don't think red's my color though," Telek said. "Tell it to Erin, he picked it out."

"Don't mind him, he's mumbling because he's tired," Erin said.

"Who started it, Tekn, do you know?"

"What?"

"The war," he said. "Did some guy loose an arm wrestling match to another guy and that's why we're fighting?"

"I don't know, Excellency," Tekn replied. "But what would you do if you found out?"

"Ask them to call it off," Telek replied.

They passed a Field Master Zealot who looked scornfully at Telek, shaking his head with discontent. He was Field Master Frank 'Pelotulee. He hated Telek from the beginning, never liking the idea of a Spec Ops officer becoming a Ship Master in a short time. Of course he never liked Spec Ops either, mostly because of their illustrious slyness as they faded in and out of visibility. They were spies, and that was all. Frank figured that Telek should remain a spy. Of course he never trusted spies either. They were so easily turned to the wrong side.

"Disgraceful," he snorted. "I don't see how a drunken straggler like him made Fleet Master. He's nothing more than an Unggoy in Sangheili armor."

"I hear he was a great ass kisser to get the job," said a red-armored Sangheili.

"Humph!" Frank grunted. "I can kiss ass better than he can. I have! You don't see me commanding a ship like that." His head turned towards the shimmering, metallic violet and azure bulk of the _Shade of Darkness._ "Just as well he commands a ship that can go invisible. It's perfect for a sneaky, underhanded jackass like him. He can hide the fact that he comes out backwards from slip-space. Drunken degenerate."

"And I suppose you can do better, Excellency," the Sangheili shook his head.

"Just you watch," Frank snorted once more. "Telek! Telek!"

"Oh-no," Telek sighed, rolling his blue eyes. "Is it me, or did that rock just talk?"

"I seem to remember the Supreme Commander giving you an order to get some sleep," Frank began. "I should report this insubordination to him."

"Don't look now, Frank, but I think I see two Unggoy who haven't heard your kind voice yet," Telek retorted.

"You are a disgrace to the gold armor," Frank snorted. "You shouldn't even wear it."

"I'm sorry, Frank," Telek shrugged. "But if you find any other color armor out there, I'll be happy to wear it. I hear pink is the new black."

"I'm watching you 'Herosee," he growled, shaking his finger at Telek's face. "You better watch your step."

As Frank turned to walk away, his boot became caught on a root sticking up in the moist ground. The Zealot fell, splashing into the mud and water, his golden armor covered in brown muck. Telek lifted his head back and cackled wildly, pointing his finger mockingly at Frank as he lifted his head up out of the mud and spat the dirt from his mouth.

"That was the best thing I've seen all day," Telek laughed. "Can we get a rerun of that?"

"Come on, Telek," said Erin. "Let's go back to bed."

"Hey, I wonder if the humans might know," Telek said as they began to lead him back to the tent.

"Might know what?" Erin asked.

"Who started the war?"

He could not sleep. He laid there with his eyes opened, dressed in a gray bed V-necked tunic and draw-string pants, his legs partially covered by the blanket. Telek glanced over and saw that Erin was asleep on the cot next to him. Erin figured if Telek was dressed in his bed clothes he would go back to sleep. Apparently things did not work out as he planned, even if he did not know about it. Erin was too deep in slumber to notice the Ship Master of the _Shade of Darkness_ putting on his red bathrobe and gold and black tri-pointed helmet. Telek slowly snuck outside, softly closing the door behind him.

He glanced around at the darkened camp and then cast his eyes skyward towards his ship. Telek slowly lumbered towards the gravity platform that anchored his ship to the ground. He checked his back to make sure no one was following him as he slipped passed two sleeping Unggoy snoring through their gas masks. As he walked under the belly of the ship towards the center of the platform, Telek glanced up.

"Top floor, Luis," he said. "And make it snappy."

Upon command the gravity lift activated and Telek was _whooshed_ up into the belly of his ship. Making his way through the corridors, he finally came to the door to the bridge. Tekn was in there, keeping an eye on things as what his job was as Telek's second in command. He turned around, his eyes shocked to see the bathrobe wearing Zealot slink in.

"Oh, hello, Excellency," he said. "Get some sleep?"

"No thanks, not while I'm standing," Telek replied.

"Uhâ€¦" Tekn scratched his head. "Whâ€¦what are you doing up here? You should be in the bed sleeping."

"I need you to send a wire," Telek said. "Something to send to high command."

"Okay," Tekn glanced around, and pressed a glowing pink spot on the holoscreen. "Should Iâ€¦?"

"Have it encoded make sure it's not registering as coming directly from this ship," said Telek.

"Sure," he nodded. "Okay, I'm ready."

"To the Prophet of Truth, High Charity, and send a copy to the High Council as well," Telek began. "'Your Holiness, who's responsible?' Sign that sincerely, a 'Very Dissatisfied Customer.'"

Tekn stared at his commanding officer with astounded eyes as he began to send the message.

"Okay, now I can get some sleep," Telek sighed. "Tell me when you get that. I'll be back down on the ground snoring."

"Sure," said Tekn said. Telek sighed again and groggily walked out of the bridge. When he finally made it back down to the ground he was met once more by Supreme Commander Otto 'Gamamee with a very dissatisfied look on his face. The Commander was in his full armor

and even mandible armor covered his mouth. Beside him with Frank, smirking proudly like a cat that just ate the mouse.

"See?" he asked. "See, I told you! Insubordination!"

"Okay, Frank," Otto sighed. "I get it. Do you mind leaving now? I need to have a talk with my Fleet Master."

"Butâ€¦" Frank protested.

"Now!" Otto bellowed, which caused Frank's shoulders to straighten up.

"Yes, Excellency," the Field Master nodded and walked away.

"Oh, heyâ€¦" Telek yawned.

"Telek, you were ordered to stand down and to not even go near your ship," Otto said.

"I did, but I fell up again," he sighed, his body swaying from the fatigue.

"I'm gonna be frank with you, Telek," Otto grunted, coming up near Telek's face.

"You're gonna be 'Frank' with me?" Telek asked, confused.

"I mean blunt," Otto corrected.

"Oh, that's good," Telek said. "Otherwise, Frank would try to be 'Otto' with me. I don't think I could stand thatâ€¦"

"Do you understand what I'm saying, Telek?" Otto asked.

"Why, is there something wrong with your mandibles?"

"No, I'm fine," Otto said sternly. "The problem is that you've been on active duty for over 36 hours. You could have allowed Tekn command the ship while you were resting up so you wouldn't be in this shape now. I want you to go back to your tent, don't go near your ship for the next 24 hours and I want you to sleep. Understand?"

"Butâ€¦" "I don't even like that bed," Telek said. "I like mine better. And mine's on the ship. Can't I just sleep in it?"

"No," he said. "I want you grounded for 24 hours. Your ship will remain anchored till then. I'm putting you to bed."

"You're the third person who said that," Telek said. "But I'm sorry, Otto, to disappoint you, I just need to get some sleep."

In the next morning Otto went into the _Seeker of Truth_, picking up some boxes to move outside to set up his temporary office on the ground. Just as he was about go into his ready room in the ship, Tekn came in with a note in his hand.

"Uh, Excellency," began Tekn. "I just need to inform you that Imperial Admiral 'Zhabothee is madder than hell and he's coming down here to find out who did it."

"Well, you can hardly blame him," Otto said as he pushed his way into his office. There was a slight pause and Otto came back out with a surprised look on his face. "Coming down here to find out who did what?"

"Someone sent a message to the Prophet of Truth, Excellency," Tekn replied. "From this camp."

"A message?" Otto asked, his mandibles quivering. "To the Prophet of Truthâ€|that Prophet?"

"Yes, Excellency," Tekn said.

Otto turned to face him, shaking his gloved finger: "Was it dirty?"

"No, Excellency," Tekn replied. "It was just a message that stated 'who's responsible?'. "

"Oh," the Supreme Commander of the fleet _Particular Justice _nodded. "Responsible for what?"

"I don't know, sir," Tekn shrugged. "That's what the Imperial Admiral wants to know."

"Well, I suppose he better get down here," Otto said.

"Yes, Excellency," said Tekn. "He's on his way."

"Good work," Otto patted the black armored Sangheili on the shoulder. "Oh, you better get my corset and that other stuff out of my closet."

"Yes, sir."

"And do we have enough sherry and mox for the Imperial Admiral?" he asked.

"No one does, Excellency," said Tekn.

"Oh, that's good," Otto said. "If nobody does, then we don't have to. But try to get some if we do just in case we don't."

"Yes, Excellency," Tekn nodded.

Outside the _Seeker of Truth _and down on the ground Frank was giving his lecture to the enlisted personnel about the purpose of the war itself. Mostly Unggoy attended as well as some Kig-Yar and some Yamane'e. There were two Sangheili warriors sitting in the back row, both were blue armored Minor Domo ranked.

"Why then, are we here?" Frank began as he started his lecture. "A very good question. Let me try to answer that question with anâ€|answer."

Most of those who were listening in were either half awake or leaning up against each other, slowly falling asleep. Telek came in, closing the metallic door behind him, still dressed in his gray bedclothes and his red terry cloth robe, wearing his gold and black helmet. He

sat himself down beside one of the Minor Domo, who glanced back with wide eyes to see a gold Zealot dressed in bedclothes, let alone sitting beside of him. A part of him felt honored that a Zealot of Telek's rank would sit beside him, and the other part wondered why this Sangheili wasn't in a proper uniform.

"The main reason why we are fighting this war is to protect you and me from a growing menace," said Frank. "Now, I know you have many questions. Just ask anything at all."

Telek raised his hand, trying to grab Frank's attention.

"Anything?" Frank asked, ignoring Telek's raised hand.
"Anyone?"

Telek got up and stood up on the bench, waving frantically for attention. The blue armored Sangheili beside him just stared and blinked his violet colored eyes.

"Anyone of the enlisted men who is required to be here?" Frank rolled his eyes. "That has a question."

"Oh, come on, Frank," Telek said in a whiny voice. "I've got a question."

"Fleet Master 'Herosee," Frank sighed.

"Why are we here?" Telek asked.

"I believe I just explained that, Fleet Master," growled Frank.

"No, I get that bit," the Zealot replied. "But, why are we here? I mean, what's the war about? What's the point? Why are we fighting? How did it start?"

"The humans, 'Herosee!" Frank snapped. "And don't try to make fun of this. This is serious business."

"I'm not making fun," Telek said. "I'm just trying to figure this all out. Why should we wanna destroy them? Is it something they said? Why are they an affront to our gods? That's what I wanna know. What's the purpose? I don't get it."

"Let me tell you something, Fleet Master," said Frank. "These godless beings are running their lives to the ground while descent, righteous beings like us are building the highest standard of living. Practically none of those creatures have never even seen a proper bathroom and believe you me, they want one."

"They do?" Telek asked, a twinkle sparked in his eyes.

"They do," Frank replied. "And if they won't take ours by subversion, they will take them by war!"

"They can have mine," Telek said. "I'll be happy to keep my legs crossed until after the war's over."

"Well, it was a figure of speech, 'Herosee," Frank shifted around uncomfortably when all eyes turned to him. "Now, are you satisfied?"

"Yeah," Telek replied.

"Do you mind letting me get back to my lecture?"

"Sure," Telek replied. "Uh, sorry, for interrupting. I'm leaving now."

"I hope it's to go back to bed," Frank sighed.

"Sorry, Frank, not while I'm walking," Telek replied.

Tekn glanced around, hoping that he could spot Telek wondering around somewhere. It almost seemed like the Fleet Master was sleep walking while awake. Erin had an idea to put Telek back to sleep, have Tekn try to inject him with sedatives. Tekn found the Zealot leaning on a pedestal with a camera in his hands. He was still dressed in his gray bedclothes and red robe with only his gold and black helm to mark his distinct rank. Then, Tekn saw what Telek was taking a picture of—a portable latrine.

"I can't take your picture now, Tekn," Telek said, dismissing him with a hand. "Come back later and we'll get a Drinol and do it right."

"I've been—looking all over for you, Excellency," said Tekn. Telek moved away from the pedestal and went into the male's side of the latrine to grab some two-ply.

"I'll even let you ride the Drinol afterwards," Telek said as he hung the two-ply around the door faces of the latrine. "I like that—it sells."

"There you are, Fleet Master Asshole!" Frank bellowed as he came stomping over towards Telek and Tekn. "You ruined my lecture! It was a disgrace!" He paused for a moment, seeing Telek ignoring him. "You're taking a picture of a latrine?"

"Very observant, Frank," Telek grinned as he turned around and pointed his camera at the Field Master Zealot. "Now what do you think I'm doing?"

"What are you doing?" Frank asked, placing a gloved hand over his face.

"Still taking a picture of a latrine," Telek giggled. "It was a trick question."

Erin came walking over, straightening out his white armor and glancing over at Tekn. Tekn brought out the injection gun from behind his back and Erin nodded.

"Pray tell, why are you taking a picture of a latrine?" Frank asked.

"Why are we out to destroy the humans?" Telek asked. "What could we possibly want from them? They have guns, we have guns. They have tanks, we have tanks. They have ships, we have ships."

Frank shook his head.

"You gave me the hint, Frank," Telek pointed at him. "This war will go down in history as the Battle of the Bathrooms."

"Ridiculous!" Frank snorted. "Sleep deprived and intoxicated. I still don't see how you managed to become a Fleet Master and a commander of a cloak-enabled Capital Ship."

"I asked nicely," Telek smirked.

"Nonsense," Frank scoffed.

"Sending these pictures to the United Nations Space Command as an offer," said Telek as he took the chip from the camera. "And my personal word that the Covenant will stop shooting if they will."

"Someone needs to put him to bed," said Frank.

"You too?" Telek asked. "What's this strange attraction that I have that gets people to put me to bed?"

"You need to get some sleep, 'Herosee," Frank growled.

Tekn handed Erin the gun and stepped back. Just as Erin was about to stick Telek with the gun and sedate him, Frank stepped in the way. Erin stuck the Field Master instead.

"That was an order from Supreme Commander Otto 'Gamamee," Frank said. "And I suggest that you follow it."

Just as Frank walked away, he fell on the ground, snoring.

"Well, he was close," Telek shrugged as he placed the chip in an envelope. "He's out on my feet."

"We gotta do something about Telek, Otto!" Erin cried. "He's acting more and more like a blathering idiot."

He walked around the desk as Supreme Commander Otto 'Gamamee was studying a letter from headquarters. The golden and copper armored Zealot was sitting on his desk with his booted hooves in the back rest of his chair.

"I have my own rear-end to worry about," Otto growled. "Someone's been sending messages to Truth from this camp and I need to find the bozo who did it. Imperial Admiral 'Zhabothee is due here any minute."

"Uh, Excellency," began Tekn. "I can identify the bozo who did it."

"Who?" Otto asked.

"It was Fleet Master Telek 'Herosee," Tekn said.

"How do you know?" Otto asked.

"I'm the one who's been sending them," he swallowed.

"Well, why didn't you tell me this?!" Otto bellowed, slamming his fist against his desk in a bout of fury.

"I was only trying to help," said Tekn defensively. "I didn't want him to get into trouble."

"Oh, so you don't care about me getting into trouble," Otto snorted.

"Well, you don't need any help," Tekn replied.

"On the subject of trouble, Otto," began Erin. "I think you should know. Telek's planning on sending the Zealot's latrines to the humans as a friendly gesture of peace."

"Well, isn't that friendly?" Otto snorted in scorn.

"Friendly, Excellency?" asked Tekn.

"Yeah, a right friendly gesture," Otto said. "But if he takes our latrines to the humans what are we gonna do for one? I mean, you can carry friendship, not to mention latrines a bit too far."

"What about the Imperial Admiral, Excellency?" Tekn asked.

"Well, I'm sure he has his own latrineâ€|" Otto shrugged.

"What are we gonna do about Telek, Otto?" Erin asked.

"Think of something," he said. "And do it quickly before the Admiral shows up. I don't want him seeing a sleep-deprived, confused Zealot in a bathrobe trying to drag a latrine to the humans."

"I'll have to sedate him," said Erin said.

"You have my permission to do so, Doc," Erin said. "The sooner the better."

"You guys are really gonna help me?" Telek asked, sitting down on his cot. Erin poured his favorite human alcoholic beverageâ€"vodka in a martini glass. As he poured it, Erin sprinkled some sedatives to knock Telek out with.

"Sure, Tel," Erin replied. "We want the war over too, you know."

"Yeah," Tekn nodded as he took his glass.

Erin handed the sedative filled glass over to Telek and took his own.

"Let others sit idly by while we do something," Telek smiled as he took the glass.

"Shall we drink to your plan?" Erin asked.

Telek raised his glass and toasted: "To peace. To peace, justice, and the Covenant way of plumbing."

He downed the whole drink in one gulp. Setting the glass down Telek

blink for a moment as he felt the intoxicating effects take over him. But his head still remained clear to his objective, sending the humans the latrine as a gesture of peace and hopefully putting an end to this meaningless war. For now, the drug was not even affecting him.

Telek walked outside the tent and spotted a Banshee near by. He got into the Banshee and backed it up towards the portable, metallic purple latrine and then got out. Telek hooked a chain to the latrine and then to the base of the Banshee. Erin and Tekn watched as he hooked the chain up to the wench.

"When is he gonna fall down?" asked Tekn.

"I don't know," shrugged Erin. "They said the Arbiter that quelled the Unggoy Rebellion swallowed a whole drugstore without even a belch."

Just as Telek was about to ready the Banshee for take-off, a Phantom landed and a silver and gold armored Sangheili dropped out from it. It was Imperial Admiral Sasha Jar 'Zhabothee. His body suit was gun metal gray and his armor had golden symbols on it denoting his incredibly high rank in the Covenant navy. After such a long flight over to this armpit of a planet that the Covenant and the Humans were fighting on, Sasha needed a quick pit-stop at the very latrine Telek was about to steal. And Tekn caught it.

"Uh-oh!" he called. "Uhâ€"uh. Excellency!"

He ran over just as Sasha was about to enter the latrine, stopping the Admiral from his much needed duty.

"Uh, Excellency, sorry, I wouldn't do that if I were you," Tekn protested.

"Out of my way, warrior!" Imperial Admiral Sasha bellowed. "Or else I could have you Court Marshaled for interfering with an officer and his bodily functions!"

"Uh!" Tekn called, glancing back at Telek as waved, entering the Banshee. "Uh, Telek, don't!"

The Banshee powered up and took off, pulling the chain taunt.

"Telek!" Tekn waved. "Don't!"

As soon as the Banshee was off, the latrine skidded right behind it. Erin was in stitches, laughing aloud as he watched the latrine lift off into the air, dangling and swinging behind the Banshee with a right enraged Imperial Admiral holding onto the toilet seat.

"Hey!" Sasha cried. "Hey! What are you doing? Do you know who I am? Hey! Help me! Where are we going?! Someone stop this thing!"

A pack of Unggoy cheered and laughed, waving as the Banshee took the latrine higher and higher.

Otto's warriors found the downed Banshee about 500 meters away from the camp site, though not close enough to be detected by enemy UNSC

forces. Telek was fast asleep in the cockpit of the Banshee, and unharmed, while the Imperial Admiral was putting his head between his legs, belching up whatever food he had ate prior to his arrival. Already a Judge Advocate representative was coming down to look over the charges against Telek for his misconduct and subordination. The Judge Advocate was dressed in silver armor and wearing a helmed head crest similar to those worn by High Council members. And he got out his tablet to read over the charges placed against Fleet Master Telek 'Herosee. Standing beside him was a very infuriated Imperial Admiral Sasha Jar 'Zhabothee with his helm off and one of his hands on his hips. Otto was also in full armor, his head lowered in shame.

"Uh-huhâ€|" the JA nodded. "Uh-huhâ€|where is the accused in question?"

"Uh, he's sleeping," Otto replied. "Iâ€"had his chief medical officer sedate him, but apparently Telek's a bit tolerant to sedatives so, it didn't take affect and that's why he flew off with the Imperial Admiral in the latrine. Believe me, we didn't want Telek to fly off in a Banshee, dragging a latrine behind him. We were trying to stop him. You see, he didn't get much sleep the past three nights and sometimes when you don't get much sleep you do crazy stuntsâ€|hehâ€|"

"I shall read off the charges that the Imperial Admiral wishes to place against Fleet Master 'Herosee," began the JA. "Disobeying a superior officer's order. And that order was to get someâ€|sleep? Disorderly conduct by which of singing 500 year old human war songs upon arrival. Again, disobeying the order to get some sleep. Disrupting a Zealot's lecture to his troops. Sending questionable messages to the Prophet of Truth asking 'Who's responsible?' Who's responsible for what, Supreme Commander?"

"The war, Excellency," Otto replied. "I believe."

"And then, he got it into his head that this war was about latrines?" the JA asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Uh, yes, sir," Otto said. "He's a goodâ€"very good leader. Very, very good. He has brought credit to my fleet. Many of the tactics we use come from Fleet Master 'Herosee. He's a genius, practically. And you know geniuses can be eccentric sometimes."

"These are the next charges," the JA continued. "Commandeering a Banshee to take a latrine to the human side and kidnapping Imperial Admiral Sasha Jar 'Zhabothee while in said latrine."

"That's what happened!" Sasha cried. "That bungler ought to be hanged for such absurdity! How dare he try to offer me and the latrine up as some peace gesture to those filthy, hairless apes!"

"Uh-huhâ€|" the Judge Advocate nodded. "Admiral, if you file these charges and I take them up and report them back to the Council, you and I would be laughed out of the Covenant. Truth would have a heart attack from laughing too hard at the both of us."

"Butâ€|heâ€|" Sasha cried, pointing towards Telek's tent.

"I have one statement to make to you, sir," he began. "It didn't

happen. We will neverâ€"ever speak of this incident again, do you understand?"

"Butâ€"|"

"If you wish to keep your job, you will not say another word," the JA continued. "And you will drop these charges. They will not go on record. This didn't happen. Understand?"

"Yes, Excellency," the Imperial Admiral sighed. "I understand."

"Good," he said. The JA turned back to Otto 'Gamamee. "Supreme Commander, I suggest to you that in order for this fiasco not to happen again, you are to keep Telek 'Herosee away from any Banshees or latrines the next time he decides to stay up for more than 36 hours."

"Yes, Excellency," Otto nodded. "I understand."

"I think after this, I'll be needing a good shrink," said the JA as he walked back coolly to his Phantom.

"Of all the crazy stunts," Otto sighed as he glanced down at the sleeping Telek in the cot beside him. "Flying off in a Banshee with an Imperial Admiral in a latrine. Tell me, Erin, why does he do these things?"

"He's profoundly disturbed," Erin replied.

"He wasn't when I first met him," said Otto. "He never acted this way when he became my pupil. He was a good warrior once. What happened? What made him change?"

"You know that mission you sent us on?" Erin asked. "A month ago? The one where we were to retrieve some ancient artifact about the Forerunners?"

"I do," Otto replied. He glanced over, hearing Telek snore and mumble in his sleep. "What happened?"

"Telekâ€"discovered something," said Erin. "And he showed us. All of us on the Shade. The truth. It opened up his eyes and it did something to him."

"What truth?" Otto asked.

"I'm sorry, Otto," Erin shook his head. "My mandibles are sealed. I swore an oath. I can't tell you."

"Why not?" Otto asked.

"Because, we all could be charged as heretics if we did," Erin replied. "What we know could cost us our lives. After he discovered the truth, he was a changed man. Telek's whole world crashed before him. He started drinking heavily. He would either sleep too much or too littleâ€"like he did now. He would just pace up and down a corridor, wondering if it was worth itâ€"this warâ€"fighting for a cause he no longer believed in. Heâ€"and the rest of his crew including meâ€"are not faithful anymore. We don't think we can do

this anymore. We're lost, Otto. So, he does these things, because he's now mentally unstable. Heâ€"nor we don't wanna die because we found the truth. And we think it would be wrong for the High Council to sentence us to death for knowing the truth."

"Please," Otto began. "He's like a brother to me. I want to help him. I want to help him as best as I can. I must know what you found."

"The Great Journey is a lie," said Telek as he opened his eyes. "Our Prophets have been lying to us."

Otto just sat and breathed silently for a moment, and then glanced up at Erin: "Isâ€"is that what you found on that mission?"

"Yes," Erin replied. "That's what we found."

End
file.